

The King of The Court

by UchiQueen

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Summary: "How did you get to be that alone, Kageyama?" Hinata pushed, as oblivious as ever as he needled the sorest spot of the fallen liege. "How did you get to be called the King?" [Spoilers Very Possible, I own nothing, Kageyama centric.]

1. Chapter 1

****The King of The Court****

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><p>"How did you get to be that alone, Kageyama?" Hinata pushed, as oblivious as ever as he needled the sorest spot of the fallen liege. "How did you get to be called the King?"<p>

Kageyama's grip tightened around the plastic bottle he held, crushing it in an instant as he stood. This was not a conversation he wished to hold, nor had ever truly planned to..

As he stalked away, tossing the destroyed soda bottle at his spiker, he only said one thing. "Don't call me _that._"

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><p>Part One: The Making of

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><p>"Hello, ladies!" The ever playful voice rang out as the gym's door hit the wall. He spotted Kageyama and grinned, his eyes narrowing with some negative emotion as he threw his bag to him. As was his usual. "Thanks for coming to help, my little kohai!"<p>

"I'm not-" Tooru then promptly proceeded to walk over to the girls that were always there waiting for him, ignoring the smaller boy that

had been waiting for him. Kageyama did not pout or sigh, he simply stared and ignored the apologetic pat on the back he recieved from Hajime. He was focused on his target, although, it did not seem like his target was bothered by that fact in the least..

"Iwaizumi, does that kid ever give up..?" He could hear them, of course he could, just because he was focused on _this_ flirting session didn't mean he was deaf..

Oh, who are you kidding? The only reason you want to be setter is because of him!

"I'd be kind of disappointed if he did!" He turned away as he saw Oikawa's eyes tighten at their laughter, huffing quietly. It was not so much annoying, as it was infuriating to Kageyama. He did not understand any of this, not in the least. Why was it that the man he was trying so hard to learn from was so..

"Senpai is _false._"

The first year glanced around after a moment as the comfortable hum completely faded, realizing that there was an aura of hostility surrounding him. No, it wasn't simply surrounding him, it was aimed at him..

"Tobio-****chan****, by the way your eyes are widening," Kageyama inhaled sharply and his grip tightened on the bag in his hands, knowing that _he_ was right behind him, waiting to strike. "I'd say you didn't realize you spoken aloud.."

How I hate that nickname..

Kageyama exhaled slowly, knowing he was in trouble, and turned around. He did not hesitate to bow to the man that was 'teaching' him to become a setter, he knew better than to piss him off. "Gomen. It was.."

He paused, not sure what he wanted to say. It was not wrong, what he had said, and Kageyama was simply too straightforward to understand _why_ _such_ falsities were necessary. It was how his father had raised him, for better or worse.

"Well?" Iwaizumi called from where he was sitting, or rather, stretching. It seemed that, while he usually took the younger boy's side, was on his friend's today. Perhaps it was the uncharacteristic frown that Oikawa was sporting that had everyone, minus Kageyama, on edge.

"It was too straightforward for someone like you." Kageyama finally managed to blurt out, silencing whatever little chatter had started back up.

"Kageyama." Iwaizumi called out again, his voice sounding strained. "Laps, now."

* * *

><p>"No." The third year setter tossed a ball to the the waiting spiker, completely shutting down the boy for the third time that day.<p>

It wasn't as if the prodigy would just give up, of course not, he had made a name in the club for being just as stubborn as Tooru. "Just.. Once. Please, Oikawa-senpai.. Just correct my form-"

He was cut off as a ball hit his face and the setter stomped away.

"Y'know there are others that can teach you, Kageyama.." The second year started slowly, picking up the ball that was now graced with the growing first year's blood. Of course he knew that, he had known that from the get-go, but..

"No one can play like he can." He spat out, staggering to his feet and motioning for the spiker to throw up the ball. "Let me try.."

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><p>"Iwaizumi-senpai.." Kageyama said softly, innocence and frustration clear as day. "Why does he hate me?"<p>

Hate was a strong, although correct, word and Iwaizumi disliked it greatly. He frowned, placing a gentle hand on the raven haired prodigy next to him as he gathered his thoughts. "It's not you so much as.. The thought of being surpassed by someone like you. He doesn't like that prodigies are.. That you have it easier."

This promptly brought a frown to the face of the young setter. It was clear enough that he didn't understand. "I work just as hard as everyone else, sometimes harder, to be this good. It's not.."

Fair? Right? A lot of things having to do with Tooru don't end up being 'right' in my book.._

"It's how he thinks." A sigh escaped the older boy as he stood, promptly ending the conversation. "Now, you need to find a way to get through or a way around it."

Kageyama simply blinked, still frowning as he watched the boy leave. A way around it..?

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><p>"Come on, Oikawa, set for me!" A gleam entered Kageyama's eyes as he realized that someone had left the door to the gym partially opened. He could watch *him* *set* again today..!

He found himself staring in awe for the next two hours, completely mindless of his limbs going numb and his positioning. However his joy was destined to be short-lived.

"Kageyama, we don't mind, but.. Don't completely block the doors." A loud whisper came to his ears, courtesy of one hotshot first year named Kindaichi, along with a rather sharp kick to his side.

"Oi, teme!" They were at it in a moment, and in Kageyama's brain, he couldn't understand why it was natural to kick someone, so clearly it was he was in the right to start a brawl.

Of course, sadly, the seniors never saw it his way. It was becoming a

bit of a natural incantation, one that everyone in the gym could time and join in on.

****Kageyama, laps, now.****

It was also commonplace to hear a small protest come sputtering from the sullen first year. "B-but what about-"

"Are you questioning the captain!?" Not that Tooru or anyone else ever bothered to heed him.

Life was not fair..

2. Chapter 2

****The King of The Court****

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><p>"How did you get to be that alone, Kageyama?" Hinata pushed, as oblivious as ever as he needled the sorest spot of the fallen liege. "How did you get to be called the King?"<p>

Kageyama's grip tightened around the plastic bottle he held, crushing it in an instant as he stood. This was not a conversation he wished to hold, nor had ever truly planned to..

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><p>Part Two: The Sealing of

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><p>He could hear them whispering and giggling, almost as if they were little girls. He ran forward and jumped, releasing the volleyball, only to slam it down. clear over the net. It was ridiculous, honestly, was this not team practice..?<p>

If you want to gossip and taunt me, do it elsewhere..

"Oi! King, King, can you grace me with a few of your tosses?" Kindaichi drawled out from across the gym, earning a few snickers and smirks. "That is, if your highness is done polishing his crown.."

The raven-haired setter, now much a much taller third year, turned toward the annoyingly familiar voice. It wasn't as though he ever stopped trying to give his assets a helping hand. "Osu. Don't miss."

Of course, he didn't miss the agitated whispers that followed when the spiky haired man missed his moderately fast toss. He also didn't miss the way that Kindaichi shrugged off the failure and smirked at him.. "Move faster..!"

I know you're mocking me.

* * *

><p>He saw them eating at the table furthest from him, and quite frankly he didn't care. He had to plan his strategy for the next two games and they were just distractions..<p>

They called me a king, right, but.. It that only goes so far as the court..

Kageyama's frown deepened as he jolted a note across the game plan. Such petty things were not allowed to irritate him, not now..

"Kageyama, did you finish the plan yet?" Kageyama glanced up, more surprised that he had been caught off guard than by Kindaichi himself. He blinked slowly, his heavyset frown still in place as he tilted his head. He didn't realize how intimidating he was. "I-It's fine if you don't!"

"Wh-" As Kageyama's eyebrows furrowed in confusion and he opened his mouth to ask which one, Kindaichi had begun his retreat, bowing clumsily and escaping back to the table. "-ich game plan..?"

I just don't get them..!

He could see them begin talking again, probably about him, from the moment he sat down. It was infuriating that he knew there was no way to stop it, however it was with a heavy sigh that he set his food aside and quickly finished both plans.

* * *

><p>"I thought he was going to-" Kindaichi froze mid-sentence, paling as a familiar and unloved shadow fell over him. It seemed most of his audience had gone quiet as well, leaving no doubt of the shadow's owner.<p>

"Kindaichi.. You were asking for the game plan, I didn't get a chance to ask which so I finished both.." The sullen third-year setter suddenly seemed to be much bigger than his louder and stronger counterpart. Perhaps it was the way he held himself or just the politically blank expression he wore, either way..

He placed the papers on the plastic table and spun on his heel, exiting the room without giving them a chance to respond.

"I want some of his style.." A small first year whispered, his eyes sparkling as he clutched the volleyball they'd been toying around with all lunch break.

* * *

><p>Why couldn't they hit the tosses? Better yet, why wouldn't they even try?_

"Move faster!" He barked, frustration beginning to leak off of Kageyama in earnest as he continued to try his hardest..

The whispers weren't a joke anymore, they had doubled or even tripled and they bothered him to his core. Who were they to comment when all they did was goof off and follow that joker Kindaichi..?

"If you have time to talk about me, then listen and do as I say!" He startled himself, realizing his negativity had finally spilled from his mouth. They had finally gotten under his skin completely, damn them..

I don't even know if the people on this side of the net can be considered allies anymore..

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><p>Why weren't you there? Why wouldn't you hit that? Why?
Why? **WHY?**

"You're too egotistical."

"You're selfish."

"Little King..."

"Is the little King of the Court upset?"

_What the hell do you know about it? What do you know about
me?_

End
file.